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# ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



# The PARTIAL ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

This isn't cat yronwode; this is Mark Evanier. . . with capital letters, even! Just what I'm doing on this page—traditionally the home of cat's much-read "Penumbra" column—is a sad tale, of which you may already have heard plenty. But just in case you haven't . . .

The offices of Eclipse Comics—and the homes of those who are Eclipse Comics—are located in Guerneville, California, a small community located a hoot and a holler North of San Francisco. As I write this, the city is part near underwater. The worst storm to hit California in three decades have battered Northern California. I am sitting now, watching Dan Rather narrate flood footage. He's showing what appears to be a muddy brown lake, and it's a shocker to look closer, see TV antennas protruding from said lake . . . and to realize that someone's home (and probably everything they own) is beneath. That's what it's like up in Guerneville. On another channel, I just heard someone from the National Weather Service say, "We measured twenty-two inches of rain in the last week . . . and then our rain gauge broke." Rivers are checking in at three and five feet over their normal levels.

It is, in short, a disaster area.

All day long—yesterday, today, and in much of tomorrow, no doubt—the calls are coming in to me. I was interrupted twice while typing the above. Everyone wants to know, "How are cat and Dean and Sean?" The concern is incredible. Name anyone of any import in the comic book field . . . and I don't just mean those who've been published by Eclipse. I mean Anyone—and the odds are that person has called, concerned "Rival" publishers have called to offer help.

The happy answer is that cat and Dean and Sean are alive and well. The unhappy answer is that almost all of their personal belongings are at the bottom of one of those brown lakes. Yesterday, as I write this, the National Guard airlifted them all out—taking only the drenched clothing they were wearing—to a motel some miles away where, even as I type this, they are waiting out the rain. Then they will trudge back to what's left of Guerneville and see what can be salvaged of their homes and offices.

This I've got to tell you: When they were cooped out, all of them had been up for several days, battling the rising waters. There are probably more horrifying, depressing experiences than this, but I'll be damned if I can name one at this moment. And when they reached the motel, the first thing Cat did was to phone me and see if I could help get some of their books to press on time.

I don't know about you, but if it happened to me—if I'd watched everything I owned submerge in H<sub>2</sub>O, and then been evacuated from my home—getting comic books to press would not be the first thing on my mind. Printing schedules could wait a helluva long time. But that's the kind of devotion-to-duty Eclipse has demonstrated. When I spoke to cat later, she was still worrying about books getting out, artists getting paid . . .

Now, by the time you read all this, it will gloriously be Ancient History. Cat and Dean and Sean will be back home, the flood waters will be gone, and Eclipse Comics will be functioning again. But the incident will not be without its lasting effects.

As yet, as I write this page (to take one minor duty off the list of hundreds that they have to handle), we have no real estimate of damage, but it appears a certainty that all (repeat: ALL) Eclipse back issues are lost in the flood. That means that the Back Issues ad, even if it appears in this very comic, is null and void. If you have ordered from earlier ads, you'll be receiving a refund as promptly as possible. It also means that back issues of everything published by Eclipse before this month will be considerably scarier.

Undoubtedly, a few Eclipse publications will be delayed, just which issues, we can't say . . . and the delays should be brief. But if all of the above has made you feel like you want to do something to help, Being Patient is a good start.

Another thing you can do is to be on the lookout for a new comic that will be forthcoming under the Eclipse logo sometime in the next few months. You see, when all those talented, fine folks called—after I'd reassured them that yronwode and Mullaney were alive—almost every writer or artist said, "We've got to do something real special for them!" By this, they meant that the nicest thing you can do for Publishers is to give them something wonderful to publish.

So . . . we are putting together the greatest comic book you've ever seen—featuring work by the Absolute Best in this business. You'll hear more about it as its time draws nearer. This is all kind of new to us, you understand.

That, basically, is all I can tell you except to add this: If a flood of this magnitude hasn't done in Eclipse Comics, I doubt much of anything can. The outpouring of concern from within the professional community has been outstanding, and Eclipse's own persistence amazing. May you—and they—never experience anything like it in the future.

—M. E.

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# STANDARD PROCEDURE



Story  
BRUCE JONES  
Art & Lettering  
LEE WEISS











...ALL THE HER-  
MAY MUST BE  
DESTROYED...



PHILIP R. SMITH  
ALPHA ONE, DO YOU  
COPY? DOES ANY-  
BODY COPY?

...ALL THE HER-  
MAY MUST  
BE DESTROYED...



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE  
TO STOP THIS  
BLOOD BATH!



REPLICATION  
BASED ON SMITH'S  
COPY. WHAT CAN WE  
DO FOR YOU?

THANKS BOB! I REQUIRE  
IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE! OUR  
SERVO-ROB HAS BLOWN A  
FUSE, KILLED EVERYONE!  
SEND HELP, REPEAT:  
SEND HELP!



YOU'RE SIX  
HOURS AWAY FROM  
THE NEAREST STATION.  
SMITH, WE'VE  
PUT IN A CALL FOR  
YOU AND  
THEY'RE ON  
THEIR WAY.  
CAN YOU HOLD  
OUT?

SIX  
HOURS!



WE'RE TRACING  
THE SERIAL NUMBER  
ON YOUR SERVO-ROB.  
SMITH, WE'LL TRY TO  
GET YOU THE INFO  
ON HOW TO REATCH  
IT QAW!

...GREAT...



YOU'VE GOT TO  
STAY AHEAD OF IT  
UNTIL OUR CREW  
CAN GET THERE!

YOUR MISTAKE WAS IN  
TOUCHING THE CONTROL I.D.  
PANEL AT THE FRONT DOOR...  
YOU FED YOUR PRESENCE  
INTO THE ROBOT'S COM-  
PUTER WHEN YOU  
DID THAT!

MY HISTORY  
WAS COMING HERE  
RANK 1 IN THE  
FIRST PLACE!

NORMALLY THE ROBOT  
WOULD ACT AS GUE-  
STIMATE TO ANYONE  
COVERED IN AT THE  
FRONT DOOR...

...INSTEAD HE'S  
MISFUNCTIONED  
AND IS KILLING  
ANYONE WHO  
TOUCHES THAT  
I.D. PANEL.

I  
CAN'T DO  
THAT, DANNY!  
I CAN'T SUPER  
HEROES!

THAT'S  
MOSTLY THE  
WRONG  
WAY!

...WHY DID  
I DO THAT?

CRUMBLE

KRUNCH!

WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?

I JUST  
SLOWED  
IT DOWN FOR A  
MINUTE IS ALL...

LISTEN, MORE OF  
THE ELECTRONIC  
EQUIPMENT HERE  
AROUND HERE, CAN  
YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

WHEN THE  
ROBOT MAL-  
FUNCTIONED HIS  
UNIT PROBABLY  
DAMAGED ALL ON  
CUTS IN THE  
AREA...

CRASH

WHAT  
ABOUT MY  
BELT PHONE?

...ALL VEHICLES  
MUST BE  
DESTROYED

ALL EMERGENCY PROTECTION EQUIPMENT OPERATES ON A 7" CIRCUIT, INCLUDING COM-IN PANELS AND BELT PHONES. IT'S STANDARD PROCEEDURE. YOU SHOULD HAVE SWITCHED TO THE 3" CHANNEL ON THE COMMAND CONSOLE.



LISTEN, DOES THE ROBOT HAVE TO COORINATE AT THE FRONT DOOR, IN ORDER TO GET INSIDE, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?

SURE STANDARD PROEDURE, WHY?





**THEY'RE COOL.  
THEY'RE HIP.  
AND THEY'RE  
HAMSTERS.**



**THE  
ADOLESCENT  
RADIOACTIVE  
BLACK BELT  
HAMSTERS**

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**TWO-FISTED  
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FEAR**  
**SHOCK  
SUSPENSTORIES**  
**WEIRD  
SCIENCE**

JUST CALL  
ME APODY!

THAT'S NOT MY  
NAME! OF COURSE  
ACTUALLY, IT'S  
KENNEDY! YOU  
MAY HAVE HEARD  
OF ME -- BUT ANY  
ONE WHO GOES  
STARSIDE SO HE  
CAN REPAIR A  
BUSTED SOLAR-  
SAIL...

...HEZ MANAGED  
TO CUT HIMSELF  
APART FROM  
HIS SHIP IN THE  
PROCESS.

...HES GOT TO  
BE AN APODY!



MY DAMNED  
LIFELINE DANGLES  
FROM MY SUIT LIKE  
A BADLY-TRIMMED  
UNUSUAL CORO --  
WHICH IS PROBABLY  
A BETTER SMILE THAN  
IT DESERVES.

--CONSIDERING HOW  
LITTLE IT'S DONE TO  
HELP SUSTAIN MY LIFE.

HOW IN GOD'S  
NAME DID I GET MYSELF  
INTO THIS MESS?

WHERE IN HELL DID  
EVERYTHING START  
TO GO WRONG?



# Freefall!!!

LEN WEIN • AUTHOR  
KEN GARTNEY • CLARIST  
CHUCK BECKUM • ARTIST  
LETTERMAN



I'D BEEN ON MY WAY TO SIGMA -- THE PRISON PLANET -- TO BE EXECUTED FOR THE WHOLE-SALE SLAUGHTER OF 300 PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN ABOARD THAT TRANSPORT FLIGHTER -- TO RAGE A FEW YEARS BEFORE --

WHEN I SAW A SLAM CHANCE TO SAVE MY ASS...



AND TOOK IT!

BOO! HENNINGSON'S SHROUDED NAIL COLMS BLASER

AAAAAR!



THE BATTLE WAS A PIONEER COMPARED TO SOME OF THE OTHERS I'D BEEN INVOLVED IN OVER THE YEARS --

BUT THEN, A MAN WHO'S ALREADY BEEN CONDEMNED TO DEATH DOESN'T REALLY WORRY ALL THAT MUCH ABOUT TAKING A FEW RISKS



WHEN IT WAS FINALLY OVER, I'D LOST A CHUNK OF FLESH FROM MY SHOULDER --

AND THE SHIP'S CREW HAD LOST THE HEART OF REGULAR PASSENGERS



I PATCHED MY WOUND WITH THE SHIP'S MEDI-KIT, THEN TURNED TO THE NAV-PANEL TO CHART A NEW COURSE --

-- ONLY TO FIND THOSE BASTARDS SMOKING ON THE FLOOR HAD HAD THE LAST LAUGH, AFTER ALL

SAY! THE SHIP'S CONTROLS HAVE BEEN BLASPHEMED ALL TO HELL!

IT WOULD TAKE HOURS FOR ME TO JUMPSTART THE SHIP'S CIRCUITRY SO I COULD REGAIN CONTROL OF HER--

BUT IT APPEARED I HAD A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

OH BREAK! THE STELLAR CONVERTER IS STARTING TO OVERLOAD!

HAVE TO GET STAIRSIDE-- AND FAST!

UNLESS I CAN MAKE SOME QUICK ADJUSTMENTS ON THE SHIP'S SOLAR SAILS, THIS WHOLE DUMB TUB IS GONNA GO NOW!

I GOT A NEW PROCEED ROUTING UP SECURED MY SO-CALLED SPINLOCK, THEN TOOK THE AIRLOCK, AND KICKED OFF--

INTENDING TO SWING AROUND TOWARDS THE SAILS AND MAKE MYSELF A FEW PRECIOUS SECONDS--

BUT THAT ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE WAY IT WORKED OUT!

A SHORT IN THE NAV-PANEL SLAMMED THE AIRLOCK SHUT--

AND I WAS UP SHIT'S CHICKEN

LIKE I SAID BEFORE: JUST CALL ME DEAD!

AND, UNLESS I CAN FIGURE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS MESS IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES-- YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL CALL ME DEAD!

GUESSED IT SERVED ME RIGHT --  
TRYING TO TAKE SHORT-CUTS  
I SHOULD HAVE JUST WALKED  
ACROSS THE SHIP'S OUTER  
HULL WITH MY...

...MAGNETIC BOOTS?

CHRIST,  
HOW COULD  
I HAVE BEEN  
SO STUPID?

COMMUNICATOR WON'T DO  
ME ANY GOOD OUT HERE --  
NOBODY LEFT IN THE SHIP  
TO HEAR ME. BUT IT'S  
WORTH A TRY. PLenty...

... IF THERE'S  
ENOUGH OF IT.



HAVE TO TIGHTEN  
THE BOOT'S WIRE  
BELT AT THE ANGLE.  
MAKE CERTAIN IT REMAINS  
AFTIGHT.

EXPLOSIVE MAY LOOSE  
ME THE FOOT -- BUT IT'S  
A DAMN SIGHT BETTER  
THAN LOSING MY LIFE.

HAVE TO BE CAREFUL -- I DO THIS WRONG,  
AND I'LL PROPEL MYSELF EVEN FURTHER  
FROM THE SHIP.



... BUT I DON'T HAVE  
ANY OTHER CHOICE.

JUST HAVE TO  
TAKE MY BEST SHOT.

HOPE THE BOOT'S  
MAGNETIC SOLE CONNECTS  
WITH THE HULL OF THE SHIP...

AND... AND...

BOOY HOY, HENRIEBSKY... JUST MOVE IT SLOW AND EASY... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ZERO GRAVITY... PULL YOURSELF ALONG THE WIRE... A FOOT AT A TIME... YOU YANK THAT WIRE LOOSE, CHUM, AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE OFF THE HELMET... AND GET IT OVER WITH QUICK.



# WITH A BULLET!

● **TIM TRUMAN'S  
NEW BOOK  
IS HOT!**



"... A good entertainment investment. Timothy Truman has already proven himself to be an outstanding artist, and with this series he may well develop his writing skills to the same degree of excellence. Give it a look."  
—R. A. Jones **A.H. #81**

"... I like this book a lot more than Truman's major previous work. Maybe it's the fact that he's writing as well as drawing it... (*Scout*) begins to look like a winner. Orders went up between #3 and #4—always a good sign... it's an excellent book."

—Bad Plant, *New Comics Tip Sheet*

from





HOW THAT I WAS ANGRY, I KNEW THERE'D BEEN APOCALYPSIS ALL ALONG, UNFOLDING THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE, I UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE FACT THAT IF I WERE TO GO ON ANY OUTWARD JOURNEY, THE PARANATURALS WOULD INSTANTLY DEMAND ME TO RETURN TO MY FOREVER STATE—AND I WOULD OBEY!

ECLIPSE

COMICS PRESENTS:

# NA

# DA

WRITTEN BY:  
**RAY NELSON**

ART, COLOR BY:  
**BILL WRAY**

WORK & HOURS  
PLAY & HOURS  
SLEEP & HOURS

MARRY AND  
REPRODUCE

I LIVED ALONE IN A SMALL APARTMENT.

EXHAUSTED...

ONE OF THEM SUGGESTED THAT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO TO SLEEP.

I CALLED FOR THE WOMAN APARTMENTS, SAYING TODAY WAS SPRINGTIME AND WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL DAY IN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

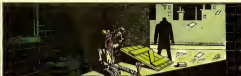
**RING**

RUDE!

THIS IS YOUR CONTROLLER, POLICE CHIEF ROBINSON. TOMORROW AT 8:00AM YOUR HEART WILL STOP!

THAT ONE MUST HAVE  
NOTICED I DON'T RE-  
SPOND LIKE THE  
OTHERS IF I WERE  
ALIVE AT ONE MINUTE  
OF THE OTHER. TELL-  
ME YOUR NAME.  
I HAVE YOUR NAME.  
**AWAKE!**

I AM NOT OUT  
OF THE...



**MOVE  
ON!**



FOR A MOMENT, THE MANAGER HAS CHANGED TO THAT OF A  
USUAL OLD MAN. OF COURSE, HE'S SO LOVABLE.

I FELT MY GRASP ON  
MARTINUS  
WAK! SO  
I PICKED UP  
A BRICK.

I CRASHED  
THE FACE TO  
A FLUR.

**WAM!  
I AM!  
WAM!  
WAM!  
WAM!**



I FIGURED I'D BETTER  
CHECK THE BOOKS...



BOOK  
OF  
BOOKS



**OOOAK!  
OGOWUG!  
WIBBLE!  
WAK!**



HOW CAN I  
NOT WANT A  
BOOK? I CAN  
READ OTHERS.  
EVEN ONE OTHER.



I realized that the  
slapping to the  
forehead of all  
my friends in any  
one would be  
like me. She  
would



COME IN  
MOROSE!



I WANT YOU  
TO **WAKE  
UP!**

BUT I AM  
WAKING  
ALREADY!



NO, I MEAN **REALLY**  
WAKE UP! THE MASTERS  
**COMMAND** YOU  
TO WAKE UP!

ARE YOU  
NOT  
WAKING  
UP?  
YOU ARE  
NOT  
ACTING  
FUNNY!



**SLAP!**

**THUD!**



WHAT THE  
**HELL**  
ARE  
YOU UP TO?

THE SLAP  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE  
MADE  
HER  
WAKENED.



**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

??



LISTEN, NEIGHBOR  
LITTLE REDDIE'S DOWN  
TO A DULL ROAR,  
HUNT!

CHRIST!



**NO!**

THE MONSTER STARTED TO CHANGE INTO A FLY  
ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE MONSTER'S HEAD  
FROM THE MONSTER'S HEAD.

THE POINT, SEE THE  
HEAD RECALCULATING ON  
THE FLOOR TO HER, IT  
WAS A SCARY OLD  
MAN. I SAID TO THE  
AND ASKED HER, BUT  
SHE WAS TOO SCARED  
TO REPLY. I WENT  
NEXT DOOR.



I'M LOOKING  
FOR YOUR ROOM-  
MATE.

HE WENT OUT  
FOR A SEC.  
WE'RE WAIT.



YOU  
PLUGS  
HERE?

YOUR  
WIFE?



I SLIT ITS THROAT  
FROM BEHIND, THEN  
SEARCHED THE PLACE.



THE  
KITCHEN.

THE  
HALLWAY.



SMASH!  
MASH!  
STOMP!  
CRUNCH!



THE  
BATH ROOM.



ALL  
THESE  
ALONG.



WENT TO THE  
BATH TO RESEARCH  
THE MONSTER.



MMMMFF!!

3. DROVE FOR HOURS,  
CASUALTY SEARCHING  
FOR SOME WAY OUT.  
7. TUNED ON THE  
RADIO.



I DID CALL UP, THEY LEFT THE  
CALL, THEY WOULD PROBABLY  
TRACE THE CALL, I TOOK THE  
LIBRARY... TO THE TV STATION



I HEARD POLICE SIRENS OUTSIDE,  
I SAW POLICE MOVING, RUNNING  
EVERYWHERE, BEHIND ME





THE CITY HEARD MY VOICE, BUT SAW THE PREDATOR'S IMAGE, AND THE CITY DID AWAKE, AND THE WAR  
BEGAN... BUT I DID NOT LIVE TO SEE THE VICTORY THAT FINALLY CAME.



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# Native Response

▼ ECLIPSE COMICS • P.O. BOX 199 • GILVERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446 ▼

Dear Mr. Yonwode:

As I read issue #6 of your magazine, I found myself wondering just how long it would be before the forces of inertia and testosterone drive it from the scene. It seems that every book I truly like is fated for rapid death, and it's beginning to give me a complex.

*Alien Encounters* is one of the best titles of its sort being published today, despite the \$1.75 price tag. It is a bit uneven, sure—but it's better to aim and miss than never to aim at all. As I said in the first paragraph, though, my appreciation of a book seems to ring the death knell. Should I offer my services for a lay? I won't like a book, won't read it, and maybe it will hang around. Or maybe it should force myself to become a multi-groupie and see if I can't bring the other folks to their knees.

I liked "Casa Blanca" and "Another Man's Shoes" very much. Dorman's story brought to mind the word, "Tasty." And the last two panels of Surpura's tale brought a tender, teasing, nasty "Heh-heh" to my lips.

Please hang around. The covers alone are worth the price tag!

Thanks for your time,

Tom Ashworth

Box 13169

Richmond, VA 23235

This guy says our covers alone are worth the price tag! What a great guy! I love him! Please return the unused portion of your magazine, Tom. What a doll!

Eclipse.

Man, you guys have got some comical! Look at 'em, Scott. GMAgents, Alien Encounters, Minicomen, Laser Zoster & Presuburban, WOMAN! You've got a great line up!

Jojo Cuke

2180 Tiersen Road

Molokini, OH

Thanks for the quick note, Jojo. But be sure not to miss out on *Alien Encounters'* companion book, *Tales of Terror*, on sale next month! It contains many of the same outstanding writers and artists we use on this book.

Dear Cat,

*Alien Encounters* #3 was the first issue of this title that I bought, shelling out my \$4.75 (the New Zealand price) mainly because it contains work by some of *Wenlo* magazine's co-creators.

And what did I think of it? Well, let's go about this in the right order.

Mark Austin's cover was a fine piece of painting. Exquisitely executed and superbly rendered, although I couldn't argue with anyone who accused it of being sexist.

James Brock's "The Heroine" suffers from the same problem as well as a lack of plot. But the art is very high in standard although it's not a style I'm all that endeared to. All in all, a shallow, predictable story which didn't exactly excite me.

Buzz Dixon's story "Mother Knows Best" was one of the best of his I've read. Quite funny, and I liked the twist at the end. Larry Emmer's art was okay.

"Claustrophobia" was good, isn't it peculiar how  *Claustrophobia* seems to write best as Pedro Henry? This was his best outside of *Presuburban* and I wonder whether any sequels are planned. "Claustrophobia" is a society worth exploring. Jim Bakula art turned out to be the best in the issue and I hope to see more of his stuff at Eclipse.

Paul Alexander (who I believe was also one of *Wenlo*'s best) provided the wildest story of the issue, and his sharp script was ably complimented by Alfred Mischewitz's quirky art. I hope to see more of Paul's writing in the future. (Perhaps even

Grimmadoke, Dear?)

Owenit, a pretty good issue, and with Tim Conrad and Tim Truman planned for #4, I may just be tempted to invest in that, too.

Yours,

Stephen Jewell

8 Langfield Terrace

Langholm, Scotland 7

New Zealand

*This guy pays \$4.75 for an issue of Alien Encounters, and he'll do it again! He should be President!*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Cat,

I've kept up with *Alien Encounters* since the title moved to Eclipse, and while I thought the book wandered a long the roads of mediocrity (or at least inconsistency) for a while, I've thoroughly enjoyed issues 4 & 5, which I picked up on arrival during a short stay in the U.S. The covers, as always, were great, and I know John Bolton will be doing some more for you, so there's no need to complain on that count. The interior artwork has shown a variety of styles, and while you obviously can't please all of the people all of the time, the blind in the latest issue worked very well. They were also some of the best written stories to date (although the "Wish Upon a Jewel" story was very like one in the old *Alien Worlds* book). I was even able to look past Corbett's obsession with humorous breasts to read "Night of the Monkey." There's a problem with 6-page stories in fitting the introduction, middle, and twist ending into so short a space. But issue 5 did it well, although I didn't figure out the plot in the beautifully drawn "Casa Blanca" tale. I'm very pleased you'll be publishing some more of Bruce Jones's work, it'd be great to see him get back into comics full time, although I guess he's been burned by the collapse of Pacific.

Cat, your editorial page always makes interesting reading. You like to write, and I'm glad you're taking this opportunity to do so. I agree with your comments on sexism, in reply to Paula Woodson's letter, whose point of view I have some sympathy with. It must be true that the covers by Austin and Dorman help attract your largely heterosexual male readership. But you rightly point out that artists find it easier to draw a subject they themselves think of as attractive. I take a lot of photographs, and I certainly find it easier to take a good photo of a woman than of a man, because I know what makes a woman look attractive to me. But I cannot total ignorance as to the same as a man, unless he is strikingly beautiful. Maybe you should ask John Bolton for some covers modeled on some nice men, or commission one from Tim or Judith Hunt.

Best wishes,

Malcolm Bourne

87 Greenfield Gardens

London NW2 1HU

England

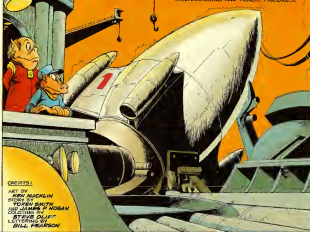
*This guy came all the way from England to buy an issue! He's the greatest of all! I'm going to move into your house, Malcolm! I've decided to live with you forever.*

—Deppa Sabatini, boy lettercolumn assembler

**NEXT ISSUE:** A Bruce Jones double-header, with Chuck Beckwith's "Potomac Me and You" from a Conny Wolfe cover, and Bo Hampton's "Under Tarbuka." Plus a piece of Rick Geary stringiness called "It Happened This Morning" and a terrific tale about copyrights . . . and morality entitled "So You Want to Be in Pictures" by the team of Doug Wheeler and Richard Howell.

FOR WANT OF A NAIL...

THEY FROM AC AND INTERVIEW OF ACTRESS JAMES. AFTER THE PROLONGED STAY OF CONSPIRACY AND TRAGIC FALLING.



**CONCLUSIONS**

ART BY  
BOB MACKLIN  
COVER BY  
TORIN SMITH  
AND JAMES P. HOGAN  
COLLECTOR BY  
STEVE OLIV  
LETTERING BY  
BILL HANSON

THESE THINGS WERE DONE BY  
THEY AND NOT BY US.

THE AIRPORT COULD ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE OUTSIDE -- TO PREVENT INSIDIOUS ATTACKS.



ALL THE SPARE PARTS, FROM AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES WERE SEALED INTO AEROSTIC, EVACUATED, WAXED AND "SUPERLASTIC" CYLINDERS, TO AVOID A REPEAT OF THE "ALASKAN 78" APOCALYPSE EVACUATION.

1. **NAME** \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. **ADDRESS** \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. **CITY** \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. **STATE** \_\_\_\_\_  
 5. **ZIP** \_\_\_\_\_

ENGINEERS DISPLAYED THE FLAWLESS FULL-SAFE CONTROLS TO BOSSLED REPORTERS...



SCIENTISTS POSED PROUDLY BEFORE THE QUANTITY-REDUNDANT NAVIGATION COMPUTERS...



...AND THE AGGIRING PUBLIC REJOICED THEIR APPROVAL OF THE MARVEL OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY.



SO IT WAS WITHOUT A QUALM THAT MAJOR BARKAN ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE SEALED INTO THE "SUBJECT-1".

THE LAUNCH WAS ALMOST ANTICLIMACTIC...



AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NO REDUNDANT COMPLAINT OF FIRE TO EXPECT, AS HAS OCCURRED WITH THE ill-fATED "HARDEN-2".

BUT, ASTONISHINGLY, EVEN BEFORE THE FIRST BAY WAS OUT, THE PROBLEM THAT WAS TO GALVANIZE THE WORLD HAD REARED ITS HEAD.



MISSION SUPERVISOR

ENGINEERS AND BIOLOGISTS THE WORLD OVER EXAMINED THE BIRD'S BLUEPRINTS, LOOKING FOR A SOLUTION...



SECRET 1  
PHIL WIFE  
SYSTEM 12

**GO TO NO. 10**

A stylized illustration of a crowd at a 'SPACE CENTER'. A sign in the upper left corner reads 'BRING HIM BACK EARLY!'. The crowd is depicted in silhouette, with some figures holding up objects like a fork. The background is a mix of orange and yellow, suggesting a fiery or intense atmosphere. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century political posters.

BRING HIM BACK EARLY!

SPACE CENTER

SCREAMED THE OUT-  
RAGED POPULACE.

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, ONLY A STRONG MAN COULD LISTEN TO MAJOR KARKIN'S TRANSMISSIONS...

PLEASE, PLEASE! CAN'T I BLOW THE HATCH, AND AT LEAST MAKE IT QUIET?

...BUT THE FAIL-SAFES COULD NOT BE BYPASSED.

HOW ABOUT SHUTTING DOWN THE TITANIAN PLANT? BARELY?

...NOT A CHANCE, WITH SEVEN BACK-UPS JUST WAITING TO TAKE OVER.

...BUT THE CAR-SAFES COULD  
NOT BE RECOVERED.

EVENTUALLY THE TRANSMISSION STOPPED.

WHEN THE SHIP REACHED THE PLANET, THOMAS IT CARRIED OUT ALL ITS PREPLANNED AND AUTOMATED INVESTIGATIONS WITH ABSOLUTE PRECISION.

DESPITE THE UNFOLDING MORAL DIMENSION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC, THE HOME EXHIBITION OF THE VIDEO-TELEVISION HAD PULLED LEGAL STRINGS AND BOTTLED THREE CAMERA CREWS ON BOARD THE PICK-UP CARRIER.

ON THE WAY HOME, THE COMPUTER DIAGNOSIS WAS MOST CRYSTALLINE. AFTER ALL, THERE HAD NOT BEEN A SINGLE INDIAN IN THE SYSTEMS FAILURE!

ALAS, THEY WERE NOT DISAPPOINTED.



# Back Issues

Dear Loyal Customer,

Due to recent severe flooding in Guerneville, our home town, most of our stock of back issues has been destroyed.

We are currently conducting an inventory of those books which remain, and will be securing additional copies to offer you.

Watch this space for our updated list of available Eclipse Comics.

—The Eclipse Staff

DECLARE YOUR

INDEPENDENCE

